

Dear Poppa,

I am writing you this letter in tears and in pain and I can't seem to stop. I know that you told me to be strong but it is hard for me dad. I feel like my worst fear is going to come true. Which is that you will pass away and me not being able to be there for you. That is a fear that I hope and pray will never come true. I know that sounds messed up but that is just how it is. My mental health is getting worse. I have been having more flashbacks of the war, I have been hearing these voices speak to me, and I have been seeing things in my cell. Yes I know it all sounds crazy but it is true. Being in this solitary confinement is really starting to play tricks with my mind. They keep me locked in my cell for 24 hours a day and treat me like I am a career criminal. I had to spend a week in the infirmary, because I told the doctor I felt hopeless, so they put me in the suicide room. In that room they take your clothing away from you so you are naked and they have someone stare at you through a window all day. It was the worst feeling of my life. So I decided to not talk to the doctors here any more. I am not going through that again. At least in Gander Hill the doctors cared about my situation. Down here all they want to do is give me medication. In Gander Hill I had a therapist to talk to whenever I needed them and they also had a treatment plan for my PTSD. I just don't want to be locked up without getting some type of help. I really think that I need to be in the state hospital where Jasmin was. I am going to ask my lawyers to see what they can do to make that happen. I know that they can ask the Judge for a mental health evaluation. I am going to be honest with you dad. I have killed a lot of men and children. Some that didn't even do anything for me to kill them.



Also some that begged me for mercy. I have a problem. I think I got addicted to killing people. I could kill someone go to sleep wake up and forget that it ever happened. It got normal for me to be that way. I never wanted to be this way. I just took my job way too serious. I took things to the extreme. Anyone can tell you that I changed. It is like being a completely different person. Anyway! That is enough about me. Oh! By the way talking about God isn't bullshit dad. All I am trying to do is save my wife's soul. So that she doesn't go to hell. I have been in the repenting stage of my life. I know that God has already forgiven me. I just want to go to heaven with you guys. My faith in God is strong right now. I just know that he will make a way for me in this situation. You just got to have faith and believe dad. I need you to pray for me dad that is all I really need from you. Just have faith in God dad please. How are you, Daniel, and Dee doing? Is everyone healthy? Are things changing at work? Look dad I don't need you to change the way you have been living, because I am in prison. Continue to live your life as you always have been. Just don't forget about your baby boy okay. Tell the rest of the family that I miss them and they are always on my mind. Tell Daniel that I am proud of the man that he has become. I truly thank you for sending me money even though you don't have to. Send everyone my love. I Love you to death dad and always will.

Dwight Jr.

P.S. Like you said pops strength is our family creed. And thanks for looking out for my wife. I Love you